

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

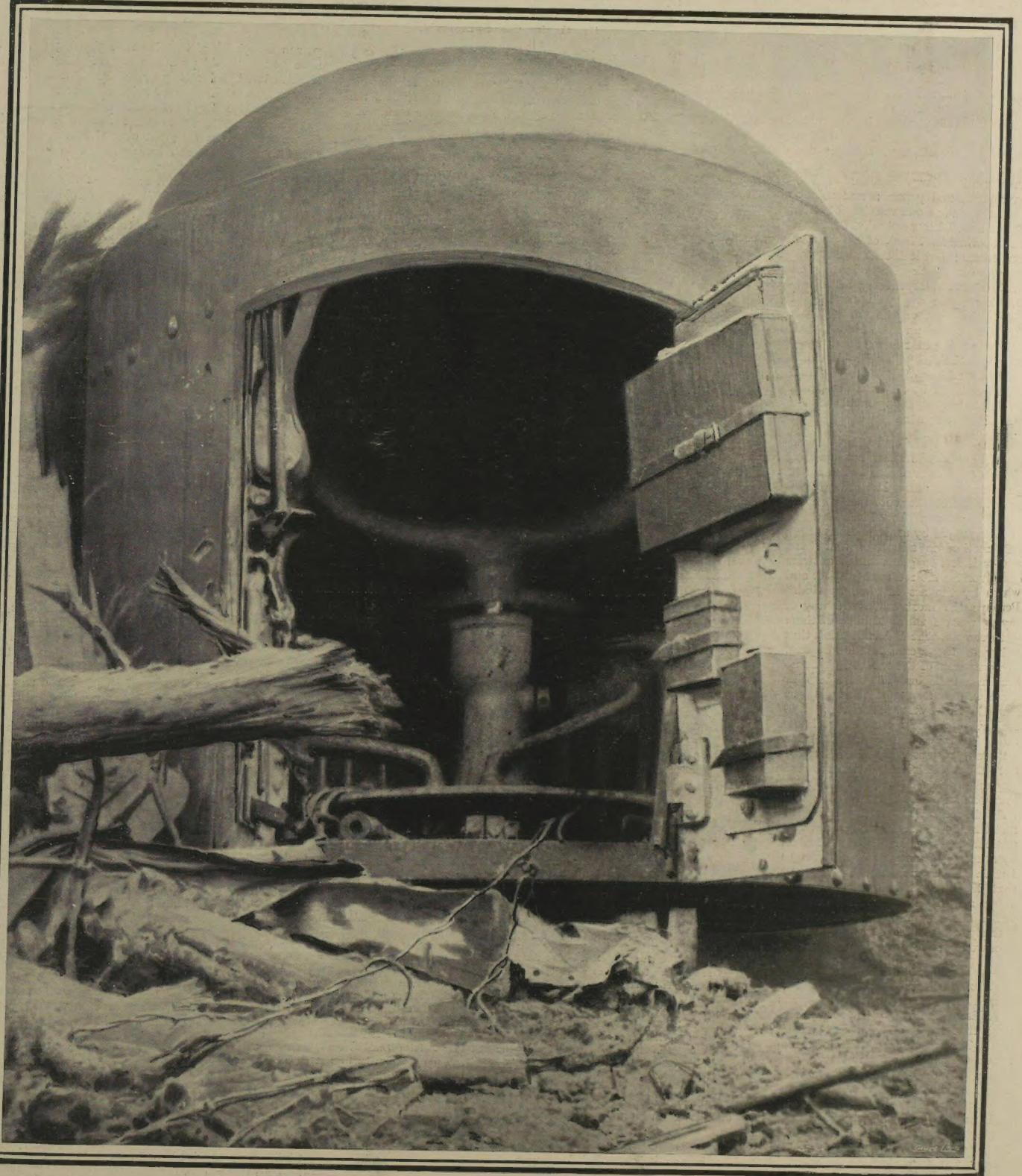
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SIXPENCE.

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IN THE "CONCRETE AND IRON" TRENCHES: ONE OF THE GERMAN ARMOUR-PLATED TRENCH CASEMATES IN CHAMPAGNE WRECKED BY FRENCH ARTILLERY FIRE—A SIGN THAT THE ALLIES ARE GETTING THE MEASURE OF THE ENEMY'S DEFENCES.

The formidable character of the German trench-defences rendered still more notable the success achieved by the French offensive in Champagne, just as it did the splendid British advance. It indicated that our Allies, like ourselves, are sufficiently well equipped with munitions to break down the strongest obstacles. Among these are the armour-plated casemates for revolving guns, like that shown in the photograph, set up at various points in the German lines. A photograph of the trench containing this particular one, shattered by French air-torpedoes, appears on a double-page in this Number, with others

illustrating the great battle in Champagne. It is there mentioned that, after the French troops had carried the position, three German artillerymen still remained concealed in an adjacent dug-out, whence they fired on French soldiers engaged in clearing the trenches. The above photograph was taken after they had been killed by a bomb thrown into their hiding-place. The other photograph mentioned was taken before they had been discovered. The revolving gun was silenced by the preparatory fire of the French artillery. The efficacy of the latest munitions has caused the enemy no little surprise.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

HAVING argued most of my life, with intervals for refreshment, I decided, when private accident put me among those who cannot fight directly for the flag, that there was work to be done for it in the way of intellectual fighting. There seemed some possible utility in watching the controversial market, and clearing up doubts, if any remained, about the moral claim of my country. I have read a large number of Pro-German books, pamphlets, and papers; and might claim a sort of leaden medal, as one who has been bored for England. But of late, I know not why, the supply has slackened. The *Continental Times*, of happy memory, used to be sent to me; but it is sent no longer. This cannot be owing to any lack of appreciation on my part, for I wrote about it repeatedly in this place. Its cessation has made a gap in my life. I think the German controversialists must be bottled up in the Kiel Canal. The only thing that has reached me—somewhat belatedly, I fear—is called “The Catechism of Balaam Jr.,” and professes to be by an Irish-American. In fulfilment of my general vow, I will consider it here.

The use of the catechism in controversy is always weak, because it is always easy to make one of the two disputants an ass. It is not often, however, that the catechist actually calls him an ass. In “The Catechism of Balaam Jr.,” by an Irish-American, this method is adopted; and “the reader is left to guess which answers are given by the recreant prophet and which by the ass inspired by God.” Perhaps the most restrained way of saying what I think of both of them is to remark that I do not think that either of them can be the prophet. The weakness of the method needs no illustration beyond the first two or three sentences. “Question: Who started this war? Answer: The Kaiser. Question: How do we know that?” Now, if I were asked that question, curiously enough, I should not answer helplessly, as does the respondent in this catechism, “Well, everyone knows he’s the War Lord!” I should answer, “We know it by the fact that he cut short the peace negotiations between Russia and Austria by sending ultimatums of his own to Russia and France, and by the fact that he invaded a neutral country before any of his enemies had even invaded a belligerent one.” After that, I fancy, the course of the conversation would have flowed in a different channel.

The intellectual artillery of this pamphleteer is of two kinds—guns that fire quite wildly in the air, and guns that recoil on him and smash him. The first kind consists of statements that are simply not true, and which one can hardly suppose were ever intended to be true. He says, for instance, that English and French troops have had no successes, their only so-called successes having been won by Indians and African savages. But, whether the Germans like it or not, it is simply the fact that their excellent troops have again and again been defeated by equally excellent French and English troops. It is not the fact, strange to say, that Belgian soil was violated, before the declaration of war by “thirty motor-cars full of French officers.” It would have been a gallant if hardly military operation to have taken such a trip, apparently without taking any regiments with them; but it never occurred. If it had, the German Chancellor would not have needed to own himself in

the wrong. Nor is it true that the Allies banded themselves together in overwhelming numbers before they dared to attack their enemy.” If they did attack their enemy, they did it at a time when their numbers were a little more than half his own. It is not true that Louis XIV. tore Alsace “from the bleeding side of Germany.” At that time Germany put on no side, bleeding or otherwise—in fact, she did not exist. The territories, whether rightly or wrongly acquired, were separate, and held in all kinds of complex, semi-independent tenures of feudalism. In mere history, the thing has no kind of parallel to 1871 and the enslavement of French nationals in an age of intense nationalism. It is untrue that M. Delcassé is a gentleman “whose occupation is making war on Germany,” so far as a thing can be untrue which is

person complains of the Germans gloating (or, as the sane person would probably say, rejoicing) over any English battle-ships they can sink. But the English have most certainly never rejoiced over any peaceful passenger-ships they have sunk—and that for the very simple reason that they have not sunk any. But Germany did literally gloat over the *Lusitania* much more than the English have gloated over the most honourable naval victory. The same is true of the passage in which the writer accuses the Russians of borrowing from France, “for the sole purpose of building railroads to the borders of Prussia—railroads of no use except to convey troops.” Anybody who chooses to look at a map can see that the Russian railroads pointing to Germany are much less complete and efficient than the German railroads pointing to Russia. So if there is any weight in this argument at all, it recoils on the Pro-German and crushes him.

The last example I shall give brings me to a much more interesting matter. The writer takes occasion to say, very truly, that the English have governed the Irish badly, both in a general contempt and repression of Celtic culture, and in particular political crimes, of which the worst example is the mode of the repression of the ‘98. Now this is bad for the English; but it is worse for the Germans. It is worse in the general matter, for the narrow nonsense that was too often talked in England against the Celts was actually founded upon the great German theory of the natural superiority of the Teutons. It is quite certain that if the English Teutonists chastised the Celt with whips, the German Teutonists would have chastised him with scorpions. And it is worse in the particular matter, for the cruelties of the ‘98 were not only undertaken as part of an English alliance with Germany and in revenge against an Irish alliance with France—they were also, in some of the worst cases, actually committed by German soldiers. And to this day, in many parts of Ireland, the German mercenary of that evil time is cursed more deeply than the Englishman or the Orangeman.

I do not believe this paper is by an Irish-American. I hope he is not American—I am sure he is not Irish. If he is Irish, he ought to be ashamed of himself. Of the many men I have known of that nation there was none who did not speak of war with the good manners of a soldier. I find it very hard to believe that any Irishman wrote, as this man writes, that in 1870 “Germany made a monkey of France in a few weeks of war.” There, if you like, is the scream of a monkey. But I find it still harder to believe that an Irishman could write the rubbishy Teutonism taught here about Germany being the “parent stock” of civilisation. “Their blood and brains saved the decaying Roman world,” etc. There was blood enough; but no record of their brains has come down to us. They were, as they are now, destroyers. Civilisation survived then, as it will survive now, because they could not entirely destroy it. This catechist certainly puts the Teuton theory with the simplicity required to expose it. “They made Spain when Spain was great, France when France was great.” Did all the Germans in Spain suddenly go into monasteries—or migrate to France? Such follies of racial supremacy are now sport for all educated men. But they were nearly death for Ireland.

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DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: FOUR GALLANT OFFICERS.

Lieut. Viscount Stuart was the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Castle Stewart, and was a brave soldier and no mean poet. Some recent verses in the “Times” expressed, a critic said, the fine spirit which also found expression in his life. Second Lieut. the Hon. Charles Mills was the eldest son of Lord Hillingdon, and was M.P. for Uxbridge. He was a partner in the great bank of Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co. Colonel F. Howard Fairtlough, C.M.G., was Deputy-Lieutenant for Surrey, and served with distinction in South Africa (despatches and C.M.G.). He had only been at the front about a month, and had three sons serving with his Majesty’s Forces. Capt. the Hon. Fergus Bowes-Lyon was the third son of the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne. He had served in India, and in September last year he married Lady Christian Norah Dawson-Damer, daughter of the sixth Earl of Portarlington. Captain Bowes-Lyon was a famous hunter of big game.

Photographs by Lafayette, Elliott and Fry, C.N., and Bassano.

apparently unmeaning. It is untrue that Alsations had no prosperity under French rule. It is untrue that they are, even in appearance, contented with German rule. The list of these simple untruths could be extended for pages.

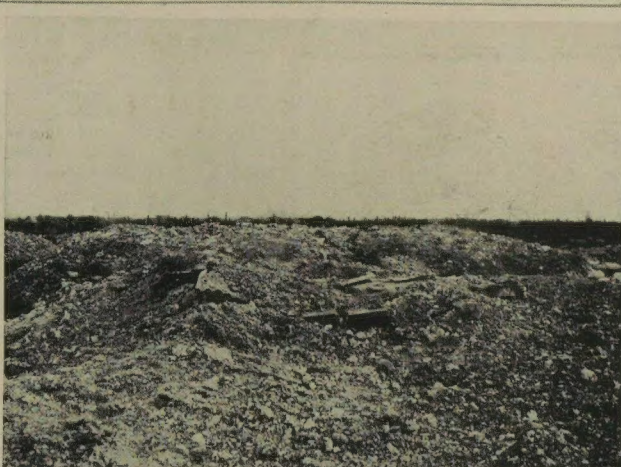
But the writer’s truths are even more suicidal than his untruths. The other half of his pamphlet consists of statements which, even when they are correct as against our side, are even more disastrously correct as against his own. The most startling instance is that in which he complains of “the gloating of the English day by day as reports of the capture and sinking of German ships come in.” Now no sane

ARTILLERY PREPARATION FOR THE GREAT ADVANCE: PULVERISED TRENCHES.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY PERMISSION OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, B. E. F., AND PASSED BY THE CHIEF FIELD CENSOR FOR PUBLICATION—CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED. SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



LEVELLED PRACTICALLY FLAT AND ITS BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENT BARRIERS BROKEN DOWN AND RENDERED USELESS: THE REMAINS OF A GERMAN TRENCH-REDOUBT—AS CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH.



SMOTHERED OVER AND FILLED IN WITH DÉBRIS: ALL THAT REMAINS OF A GERMAN TRENCH AND MACHINE-GUN POST (EXTERIOR).



BEATEN DOWN AND ALMOST SMASHED OUT OF RECOGNISABLE SHAPE: THE RUINS OF A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN EMPLACEMENT.



WHERE THE BRITISH HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELLS RAINED DOWN AND SHATTERED EVERYTHING: THE INTERIOR OF A CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCH.



AS PULVERISED BY BRITISH SHELLS BEFORE THE INFANTRY ATTACKED: A CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCH—BATTERED OUT OF RECOGNITION.

How, in modern battles, the way is cleared by artillery-fire as the indispensable prelude to successful infantry assault is explained by this page. The photographs (which were taken immediately after the recent notable British victory) show the overwhelming effect on the German trenches of the British high-explosive shell-fire which preceded the great attack. The terrific volcanic blast of the shells, kept up continuously for days, literally smothered and blotted out of existence the enemy's first-line defences, which the Germans had spent months in elaborating and fortifying with every scientific device at their disposal.

Everything, deep-dug trenches, concreted lines of works, machine-gun redoubts, dug-outs, barbed-wire entanglements extending over wide spaces in depth, were smashed and pulverised, overwhelming and entombing alive most of the men garrisoning the positions, and reducing the survivors to nervous wrecks. As the first attack in the Great Allied Advance on the Western front opened, it is continuing, with ample supplies of high-explosive shells at disposal, and heavy guns in full sufficiency to cleave and shatter a way across the enemy's second and third lines and burst through any further defensive positions.

ROLLING BACK THE GERMANS IN THE WEST: WRECKAGE

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY PERMISSION OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, AND



"A MONUMENT TO THE POWER OF OUR ARTILLERY": THE BATTLEFIELD OF LOOS—

The British advance at Loos, as Sir John French's despatch of October 11 shows, has been well maintained and followed by "a very severe reverse to the enemy" in his attempts to recover the lost ground. In conjunction with the great French offensive in Champagne and Arras, which began at the same time as the British advance, it may well be said that in the West the German waves are rolling back before shell-fire, and rifle-fire, and bayonet-charge. The battlefield of Loos, part of which our photograph shows, was described recently by Sir John French in one of his vivid articles from the British Headquarters. "To reach their old front trenches," he writes, "one leaves the British-Lens high road near the houses called Philosophie. In front is a long easy slope so scarred with trench-lines that I can only compare it to the Karree. . . . Looking from the high road, the skyline is about a thousand yards distant, and beyond it rise the strange twin towers of Loos. . . . Then you reach the German entanglements, wonderfully cut to pieces by our

LEFT BY RECEDING TEUTON WAVES ON THE ROAD TO LOOS.

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AFTER THE BRITISH VICTORY WHICH RESULTED IN THE CAPTURE OF OVER 3000 GERMANS.

shelling. There our own dead are lying very thick. Presently you are in the German front trenches. Here, in some parts, there are masses of German dead, and some of our own. This is the famous Loos Road Redoubt. . . . It is an amazing network, ramified beyond belief, but now a monument to the power of our artillery. It is all ploughed up and mangled like a sand castle which a child has demolished in a fit of temper. Fragments of shell, old machine-gun belts, rifle-cartridges, blood-stains, dirty pads of cotton wool, are everywhere, and a horrible number of unburied bodies. But the chief interest of the Redoubt is the view. The whole battlefield of our recent advance is plain to the eye. . . . It is that sight rare in this present war—an old-fashioned battlefield." In the background of the photograph, to the right, may be seen the wreckage of German wire entanglements and the crossed posts of their communication-lines.

THE GREAT "ROUND-UP" OF GERMAN PRISONERS AND GUNS IN CHAMPAGNE: TROPHIES OF THE FRENCH VICTORY.

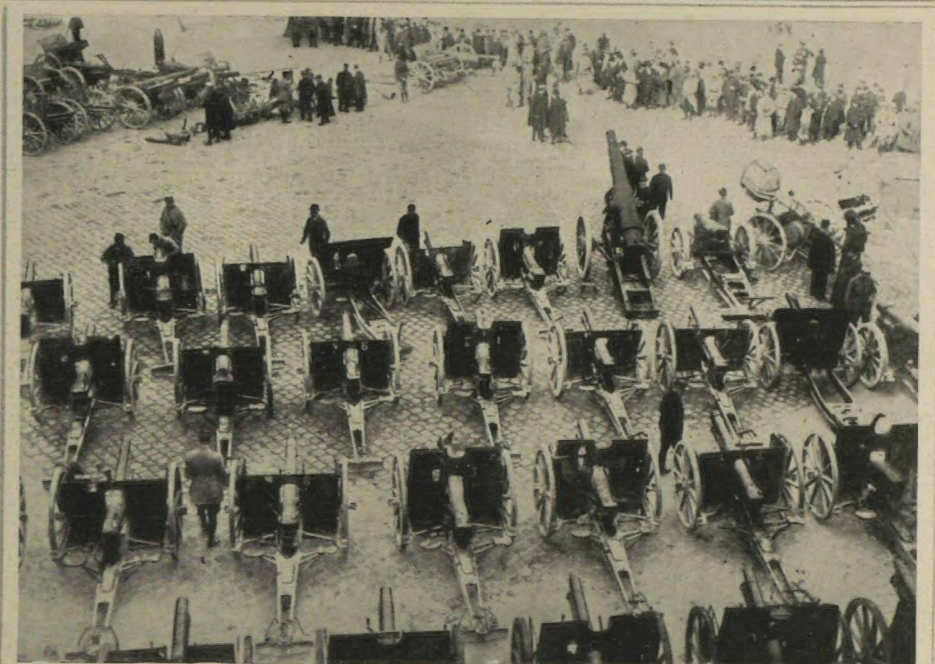
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RECORD PRESS, TOPICAL, AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



ONLY A FRACTION OF THE TOTAL NUMBER CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH IN CHAMPAGNE! A HUGE CROWD OF GERMAN PRISONERS BETWEEN LINES OF FRENCH CAVALRY.



PROOF FOR PARIS OF FRENCH VICTORIES: A BIG 155-MM. GERMAN GUN (WITH BROKEN MUZZLE) AT THE INVALIDES.



AN IMPOSING ARRAY FOR ALL PARIS TO SEE AT THE INVALIDES: CAPTURED GERMAN GUNS AND A SEARCHLIGHT (NEXT TO THE BIG GUN).



WHY HAVE LONDON AND OUR OTHER GREAT CITIES NO SIMILAR EXHIBITIONS? GERMAN GUNS CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH IN THE CHAMPAGNE FIGHTING ON VIEW AT THE INVALIDES IN PARIS.

In cold print it is not possible to realise the magnitude of the French victory in Champagne so well as from illustrations. One of these photographs will help the unimaginative to do so. They show, it should be emphasised, only a fraction of the number of Germans captured by the French. The crowd shown in the large photograph on the left, impressive as it is in itself, should be multiplied by about eighteen to obtain an idea of the total haul of prisoners. A Paris *communiqué* of September 29 said: "The total number of prisoners is now over 23,000; the number of guns brought to the rear is 79; 17,055 prisoners and 316 officers have passed through Chalons on their way to their internment destinations." The French authorities, it will be seen from the three photographs on the right, make excellent use of their war-trophies, in the shape of captured guns, for encouraging their own people, by affording visible proof of

their Army's success. Why, it is being asked on all sides, cannot our own Government do the same, and let London and other big cities have a chance of seeing some of the twenty-odd German guns which our gallant soldiers have taken at Loos alone, instead of leaving them in some remote town in Flanders? Surely the sight of these guns drawn through the streets would be the best possible aid to recruiting, at a time when aid is needed! Like the French, the Russians also use their trophies in this way, and so do the Germans. We alone seem to be condemned never to see a sign of our Army's valour. A Reuter message from the British Headquarters the other day said: "In the old-world Place of one town eight of the German field-guns captured at Loos are drawn up in a line." They would show to better effect in Trafalgar Square.

"I SERVE": THE FIGHTING HEIR TO THE THRONE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY S. AND G.



The King's Eldest Son at the Front: Lieut. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

When the Prince of Wales attained his majority, in June, the King expressed a desire that no formal recognition of the event should take place, as his son was with the troops at the Front. Since that date, as before it, we have had many glimpses of his Royal Highness, not posing in the limelight, but taking his part quietly and manfully in the life of the soldiers day by day, winning golden opinions for his modesty, his kindness, his pluck. In one case of a boxing competition, we are told that the Prince was "at this do." On another, his Royal Highness paid a visit with the Staff to "Mudlark

Alley," a row of splinter-proof shelters of the Rifle Brigade; and, in a score of ways, in his own unobtrusive fashion, the Prince has shown himself a good soldier at one with the troops who are fighting so gallantly. Our unique photograph shows his Royal Highness in a French village, quietly observant, taking an interest in everything he sees. The Prince was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant on August 8, 1914, and was promoted to a temporary Lieutenantancy on December 10. In May it was announced that his Royal Highness's commission as Lieutenant was antedated to November 18.

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE Platoon-Commander came along the column, his head a little down and forward. He had a casual, doggy way, and Private 43237 wondered how he did it. The Platoon-Commander was so unperturbed that Private 43237 wondered whether officers of the Army received some particular spiritual grace with the King's commission that raised their level for emotion superior to that of privates. The Platoon-Commander made many small jokes. Private 43237 and the rest of the ranks laughed at them as though they were marvellous jokes. It was curiously easy to laugh. But he hated laughing. He hated hearing people talk, or the necessity for talking himself. It seemed to get in the way. But he talked incessantly to the man who stood and said nothing beside him.

Private 43237 had already asked himself if he were afraid. He had already answered himself that he did not know. He had thought a lot about fear during the last nine months; he had an analytical turn of mind, and of all the fears he had imagined none was like this tight-skinned, wild-blooded emotion. He knew that he would have to cast old notions of fear overboard. The old fear was rather dramatic. This was a sort of excitement boiling over. Was it fear? Or was it rather like going to the dentist?

He felt angry with an enormous number of things. The man on his left was fooling with his webbing. Private 43237 was feeling that the idiot ought to know he hated his doing that. A man several feet away was being funny in a nasal voice. The voice pierced to Private 43237's marrow; it was like the sound of a baby crying and crying and never leaving off. He clenched his hands and stiffened his shoulders. He called to Heaven that the fool should stop. Also, Private 43237 could not remain still. He was always turning round, fidgeting, scraping his feet. The man behind him demanded in the name of Hades why he couldn't keep quiet. Private 43237 felt an uncontrollable passion at once. He felt that he ought to turn round and plunge his bayonet with a lifting motion into the bowels of the man who had thus insulted him. He shook all over with an almost irrepressible rage.

The column heaved, began to lift forward. Private 43237 could see the heads and the rifles of the men further forward beating and swinging as they got on the move. He saw it all with a piercing clarity. He had seen wind sweeping over a field of oats, and the movement of the ranks was exactly the same. The Company Officer called them to attention in a voice that was shrewish, and Private 43237 tried to obey too quickly. Somehow his hands were thick and wooden. He fumbled and yawned, and his feet shuffled flurriedly. He knew he must be terribly conspicuous, glaringly clumsy. He waited for the curse of the Sergeant. The Sergeant said nothing.

The guns had been going steadily for hours, but now the sound they made was denser. Before the noise had been as the sound of great doors slamming in a muffled distance. Now the sound became enormous, and seemed to swing him with its beat. It was also curiously oppressive, like a thing of soft and vast weight upon his shoulders and brain. The roar of the terrible artillery plucked his entity from him. It was controlling him with a frantic and irresponsible motion. He felt that his soul had been caught into a whirlpool of noise, and was being flung and spun allwhither, in spite of his effort to check it and to be steady and even-keeled. He was clutching at and wrestling with his will, trying to force it to behave.

They had got off the road. They were down between the moist walls of the communication-trench, stumbling along in single file, falling over each other's heels. The gunnery was on top of them, hitting down into their skulls with terrible blows of sound. The sound seemed to surge and to wash about him, to lift him off his feet, to get into him and make him

choke. It was as though he were fighting for life in a sea of clamour. The spray of the sea swashed against him and all but submerged him.

The wild excitement that he had noticed before seemed to be not only in him now, but about him. It was racing out of him at a frightful pace and racing in again. It wasn't fear. No, it wasn't fear. It was the maddest and most disintegrating of nervous anarchies. His nerves appeared to be yelling at the top of their voices: to be elbowing their way out of his body. There was a sense of clamant energy. He wanted to get on, to get on with an almost crying urgency; that is why he stumbled so often over the heels of the man in front and why the man cursed him. At the same time he knew if he went back, turned and went back, he would go with the same blind and frightful haste. Was this fear? He did not recognise it. It was courage and panic mixed

Private 43237 put his hand on the moist wall of the trench, and he half turned. He wasn't afraid. No, it wasn't that. But he felt that someone ought to tell him what he ought to do. Someone ought to explain things to him. He felt extraordinarily alone. He felt extraordinarily hopeless and helpless. All reliance went from him for that moment. He did not even have the initiative to run. Yet he was hoping someone would run so that he could follow. Down the trench an officer with a brass voice was yelling for "supports." The man in front of him was already round the traverse. He jumped forward. He must keep up. The idiot behind him would think he was afraid. He wasn't afraid, of course, but that fool hadn't the quality of mind to understand.

They were out in a long trench, lined out. There were little ladders leaning against the wall, reaching to the top of the sand-bags. He found himself in

front of one of these ladders. He would have liked to shift along, to a space where there was no ladder, but the other men might notice that. He climbed the rungs solemnly and slowly. He only did it because other men, who watched him sidelong, also did it. There was an officer crouching at the top, his hand was out to hold them back. He was watching the plain warily. Private 43237 wished he could tear his eyes from the officer's hand.

Then the command. Private 43237 rose quickly to the top of the bags, and blanched. There was an enormous space before him. The place was hot and smoking with explosion. Away at an infinite distance there seemed to be a confusion that might be fighting. But that didn't matter. It was the plain. It was leaping and gushing with smoke, as though a volcano burnt beneath. It was also enormous. He must be seen at once if he got on to it. He would be horribly conspicuous. All the guns would fire at him at once. They wanted him to be the first man on the plain, he knew. They wanted to slip on to it and across while the enemy concentrated on him. It was a conspiracy. And the plain was so blank and enormous—save for the death in the smoke. He felt as though he were up on a tower and alone. Chilly and frigidly alone.

Then, good God! there was another man on the plain, another and another: they had come from the trench and were running forward. The ground was starting and smoking about them. But they were running. At once Private 43237 was on the plain too. He was running too. His fear of being alone had gone. He was now fearing to be left. Those men would beat him. He was on the plain, running, running, running.

There was smoke all about him, blowing in his face. There were loud noises he did not place. He only knew that he was running, and that some savage thing was bursting through his flesh, forcing its way out, exploding his body, and settling about him like new tissues. The wild and boiling excitement had boiled over. It was bubbling and clamouring in his veins and heart, and hammering in his head. Again he wanted to get his bayonet into the bowels of someone. Again a swamping and irresistible rage was making him a madman. Where was a throat? Where was a face? He wanted to stab, and batter, and tear. He had the power of a giant in his arms. He wanted to use it. He had determined to use it.

A blur rose up striking with mad, misty arms. The blur vanished in a thin scream. And he was on, on; running, and on. . . .

The whistles were calling, the whistles were calling. An officer was pushing on his chest, forcing him back. Holding him back. And he was yelling. "Let's go on! Let's go on! It's fine. It's fine. I like it." But he did not know whether he called this out with his mouth or his heart. The officer was telling them to dig in and hold on. It was all over then. He'd come through his first engagement. Curious how elated he was. Curious how disappointed he felt.

THE END.



"BOMB RIGHT!" A SENTRY'S WARNING IN A BRITISH TRENCH AT NIGHT.

Bombs from trench-mortars, increasingly used on both sides, are a great danger in the trenches. The officer who sent this sketch writes: "Fortunately their flight is visible by day, and at night can be followed by the long trail of sparks from the burning fuse. The scene is the moment when the sentry has given the warning cry ('Bomb Right, Left, or Centre'), on which all in the threatened area scurry to cover."

up in a febrile and frantic boiling. They turned and twisted in the trench. Officers were calling to them in voices of supernal calm, giving them trite orders as though they were marching past the saluting-base at home. The calmness of the officers was like cold water. It bit into a man: enabled him to hold his bubbling soul down. Something within Private 43237 said: "Take a slower and steadier step. That'll calm you." He did so. The private behind him drove against his back, and the private behind yapped: "Git on. Git on. Git on, dam you!"

Private 43237 scowled at the private behind. The infernal ass had got nerves. A fool like that caused panics.

There was a slash of rifle-firing, abrupt and disturbing as the tearing of stout linen. Private 43237's heart jumped and screamed with it. The gunnery was dimmed by this noise. There was yelling and firing before them and away to the right; almost, it seemed, behind them. A machine-gun coughed, stuttered a little, then began to sew all sounds together with short, whirling bursts. There were the thick and guttural explosions of grenades.

SALONICA AND THE BALKAN SEAT OF WAR IN GENERAL.



WHERE THE BORDERS MEET: SHOWING HOW THE BULGARIAN FRONTIER THREATENS THE SALONICA-NISH RAILWAY.

The rugged and difficult nature of the mountainous country in the south of Serbia, round Nish, and all over the terrain along the frontiers of Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece, is strikingly brought out in the above illustration. It shows clearly the route of the railway line from Salonica to Nish, via Uskub, the strategic importance of

which is paramount in view of the landing of Allied troops at Salonica. The threatening salient into Serbia formed by the westerly bend of the Bulgarian frontier near Strumitsa indicates the danger-point on the line, the Bulgarian frontier coming within seven miles of Strumitsa station and the railway bridge over the Vardar.

REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FRENCH OFFENSIVE: SCENES OF THE CHAMPAGNE AND ARTOIS VICTORIES.



KILLED, WHILE AIMING AT A FRENCH OFFICER, BY THE FRENCHMAN WHO TOOK THE PHOTOGRAPH: A DEAD GERMAN IN A CAPTURED TRENCH.



WHAT A PREPARATORY BOMBARDMENT LOOKS LIKE: FRENCH SHELLS TO PREPARE THE WAY FOR THE INFANTRY ATTACK.



BURSTING NEAR THE SOUCHEZ WOODS AND THE CHÂTEAU DE CARLEUL THE INFANTRY ATTACK.



TAKEN THREE MINUTES BEFORE THEY LEAPT FROM THEIR TRENCHES ON THE SIGNAL TO ASSAULT: FRENCH COLONIAL INFANTRY IN CHAMPAGNE.



THE FRENCH ADVANCE IN ARTOIS: CHASSEURS À PIED, WEARING THE NEW STEEL HELMET, IN A CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCH AT SOUCHEZ.



SHOWING AN ARMOUR-PLATED CASEMATE FOR A REVOLVING GUN IN A DEEP GERMAN TRENCH AFTER IT HAD BEEN SHATTERED BY FRENCH 58-MM. AIR-TORPEDOES.



THAT WAS SILENCED BY THE FRENCH FIRE: BY FRENCH 58-MM. AIR-TORPEDOES.



ALMOST LEVELLED BY FRENCH ARTILLERY FIRE: A GERMAN TRENCH LEADING FROM THE REVOLVING GUN SEEN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH TO A MACHINE-GUN BLOCKHOUSE.

From these photographs, which were taken on the field during the great French advance in Champagne and Artois, it may be seen with what terrific effect the preliminary bombardment of the German trenches was carried out by our Allies' artillery. The enemy's positions were extremely strong, and the trenches, constructed with the usual German solidity and depth, were protected by all sorts of wire entanglements and well-placed machine-guns. "For three days," writes a French Eye-Witness, "our batteries bombarded the German positions. We employed the latest devices of our artillery, and afterwards, in the captured trenches, we were able to appreciate their formidable effects. At certain points the levelling had been complete. The entrances of dug-outs were filled in, and wire entanglements were everywhere broken and torn. Our fire covered the whole extent of the German first line, while the long-range guns reached the roads, railways, and stations in their rear. Thus some German units found themselves cut off from their supplies, and remained without food for forty-eight hours." Equally effective was the preliminary shelling of the German lines near Souchez in Artois, where a victorious French advance was made simultaneously with that in Champagne. Here, too, the

enemy had organised most formidable defences. An official French account says: "The artillery preparation, which continued for five days, was so efficiently carried out that, even before it was over, German deserters began to come into our lines and give themselves up, declaring that they had had enough of it. When, at noon on September 25, the infantry attack was launched, our men with one rush attained the desired objective, namely, the Château and park of Carleul and the group of buildings south of Souchez. Meantime other contingents carried by assault the Souchez Cemetery." With regard to the upper left-hand photograph, it may be added that the German seen lying dead at the end of the trench was in ambush at a corner, and was on the point of shooting a French officer when he was himself shot through the head with a Browning pistol by the Frenchman who took the photograph. As regards the central lower photograph, at the moment when it was taken, three German artillerymen were still hiding in a deep sap dug near the revolving gun, and were firing on our men engaged in clearing the captured trenches. The three Germans were afterwards killed by a grenade thrown into their shelter.

REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FRENCH ADVANCE IN

CHAMPAGNE: AN ASSAULT BY THE COLONIAL INFANTRY.



A GREAT WAVE OF MEN FLOWING FORWARD AT THE TURN OF THE TIDE: TROOPS OF PURSUIT FOLLOWING UP THE TROOPS OF ASSAULT ON CONQUERED GROUND.



CONSOLIDATING CONQUERED TERRITORY: FRENCH TROOPS CLEARING THE GROUND AND SEARCHING TRENCHES AFTER THE FIRST WAVE OF ASSAULT HAD PASSED OVER THE GERMAN FIRST LINE.



CORRECTING THEIR ALIGNMENT A FEW YARDS BEYOND THEIR OWN TRENCHES, FRENCH COLONIAL TROOPS CHARGING IN PERFECT LINE TOWARDS THE ENEMY NEAR COMBLET.



THE ATTACK ON THE ENEMY'S SECOND LINE: A CHARGE OF FRENCH TROOPS AGAINST A POSITION WHICH THEY HAD NAMED THE WAGRAM RIDGE.

These photographs, taken on the field of battle during the great French advance in Champagne, give a vivid idea of the scene as the wave of our Allies' valiant soldiers surged forward over the German lines. The troops shown in the photographs are Colonial Infantry. The representative character of the attacking force was emphasized in an account of the battle written by a French Eye-Witness from information supplied by the General Staff. "On the morning of September 25," he writes, "the gray clouds were very low. At nine o'clock, rain began to fall. At 9.15 the hour appointed, the assault was delivered. This human wave, which, on a front of more than 25 kilometres (nearly 16 miles) with simultaneous impetus broke upon and overwhelmed the enemy's trenches, comprised Frenchmen from all parts of France—from Brittany and La Vendée, from Alsace and from Flanders, from Paris and from Lorraine, and, among the various contingents of the Colonial Infantry, men from the coasts of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, Zouaves and Tirailleurs from Northern Africa. Within a

few minutes our men, with losses almost everywhere slight, leapt into the German trenches, overpowered the defenders, and continued their forward rush with vigour and daring, in spite of the difficulty of the soaked ground and the resistance of the Germans, who with their reserves had quickly manned their intermediate positions, and from the shelter of side-trenches opened machine-gun and rifle-fire on the flanks of our advancing troops." The Wagram Ridge, seen in the lower right-hand photograph, is an instance of the many names given by the French, for military purposes, to various points in the German positions. "For a year past," says the writer quoted above, "a new geographical nomenclature has come into being. There is not a contour of ground, not a wood, which has not been, for military convenience, numbered or named according to its shape or the fancy of our artillerymen or infantrymen. Every trench has received its name—as the 'Kaiser,' the 'Hindenburg,' or the 'Von Kluck.' All the General, rivers, and towns of Germany have stood sponsor to these works of the enemy."

THE UPLIFTED HAND DURING AN ADVANCE: "ROBERT" DIRECTING TRAFFIC BETWEEN THE FIRING-LINE AND SUPPORTS.

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL.

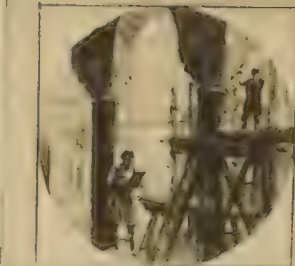


STRANGELY FAMILIAR IN POSE, DESPITE THE KHAKI DISGUISE: A MILITARY POLICEMAN ADMINISTERING LAW AND ORDER AND THE RULE OF THE ROAD TO THE ARMY ON THE FIELD.

Our artist illustrates here just such a scene as that described in the "Morning Post" not long ago as follows: "Planted in the centre of this dead village was a broad-shouldered, comfortable figure, a figure strangely familiar in pose, despite the khaki disguise, and the red-and-black armlet that should have been a blue-and-white cuff strapped on a blue tunic; a calm, imperturbable figure like a lighthouse in the troubled sea of traffic, administering law and order and the rule of the road to the army on the field, with an uplifted, impartial, and somewhat massive hand. Who else but Robert, of London, now a military policeman, on point duty within range of the German guns? 'Now, then, are you asleep on that lorry? Get away with it!' The same thunderous reproof. The same old contemptuous flick of the hand in the direction of the opened road, and a stern glance at the grimy driver. The same old muttered imprecation of the grimy driver as he jerks a lever, glares at his traditional enemy, and jolts

roisily on his way. Memories of the Bank on a busy day! 'Halt, what d'you mean by barging round a corner at a hundred miles an hour? Can't you read? Cars six miles an hour. I'll just have your name.' . . . Memories of Piccadilly nuts and scorching days of peace! And here are German shells falling in a potato field as Robert closes his book with a snap. . . . This particular crossing is in the same relation to one portion of the British front and the supporting army behind as the Strand-Wellington-Street Corner is to the Bank and the West End. . . . He stands squarely . . . on an imaginary 'island' that is plainly visible to every driver who has to pass him. . . . I am convinced that, if he saw the German Army marching down the Strand from the Bank towards Charing Cross, Robert—still at the corner of Wellington Street (Flanders)—would lift his authoritative right hand: 'Not this way!'"—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



THE BUILDING OF ST SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR JUSTINIAN. AN ARCHITECTURAL VIEW.



THE SETTING-UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRALLIS & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, & THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE. ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BIRDS AND THE WAR.

ON the outbreak of the war those interested in birds ventured to predict that avian refugees would flock to our shores in large numbers; but, so far, this prediction has not been fulfilled, nor does it seem likely to be. This much is to be gathered from the accounts which have reached us from the front as to the behaviour of birds within the actual zone of the fighting. A letter has just appeared in the *British Birds Magazine* from Mr. J. K. Stanford giving the results of his observations in Flanders during July. Behind Ypres, he tells us, things seemed quite normal: larks, tree-pipits, yellow buntings, and common white-throats being the commonest birds in the fields. Even while Ypres was being heavily shelled, except when a gun was fired very near them, the sparrows, greenfinches, and turtle-doves in the trees on the ramparts were quite undisturbed; while swifts were nesting in the ruined towers, and as many as sixteen nests of house martins were counted under the eaves of the Cloth Hall. The wet meadows near Hooze always seemed full of corncrakes at night and in a wood near Hooze there was always a chorus of birds at dawn—and this in spite of rifle-fire on three sides. Between the opposing lines, he remarks, birds were naturally scarce, except swallows and swifts, and stray linnets, wag-tails, and starlings. A pair of tree-sparrows were actually found nesting in a shell-torn tree between the lines; while a kingfisher settled by a "Johnson hole" within five yards of the British trenches!

This most interesting account is followed by a letter from Lieut.-Colonel Delaforce, who relates that, in April last, a song-thrush built its nest on the branch of a tree which had been cut and placed against the steel shield of an 18-pounder gun to conceal it from

view. In spite of the fact that the gun was occasionally fired, three eggs were laid; but the day came when the gun was fired frequently, and this proved too much to be endured, so nest and eggs were forsaken.

That birds have suffered from the devastating fire of the opposing hosts, however, there can be no

this year and in Britain next. All our British swallows, for example, are the descendants of a long line of British-born swallows, from time immemorial. Hence, if the present generation were all exterminated, only the merest chance would restore this species to the list of our native birds.

But to return to our theme. I have already referred to the value of gulls as submarine scouts. Evidence has now come to hand to show that other birds are no less valuable as indicators of the approach of Zeppelins. I had the misfortune to be out of London during the last Zeppelin raid. As I was away at the seaside, I induced a friend to take charge of a pair of budgerigars belonging to my little daughter. Their cage was hung in his garden, just outside his bedroom window. Hearing a sound of most excited chirping and fluttering, he got out of bed to ascertain the cause, and at once discovered a Zeppelin almost overhead. Aeroplanes, at any rate where they are not too common, produce like alarm. My friend Miss E. L. Turner, when in Norfolk recently, had the good fortune to witness the behaviour of different birds when an aeroplane circled over a wood after dark. Wood-pigeons, which had gone to roost, rose in a mass and circled wildly round; pheasants crowded, and flew round and round; while small birds twittered out their fear. A long-eared owl in a fir-tree set a good example, sitting tight and betraying no concern whatever. Birds at night serve as the guardians of our soldiers in the trenches when threatened by the approach of poison-gas fumes, for before the fumes can be perceived in the trenches the sleeping men are awakened to their danger by the rustle of the wings and low cries of the birds which had gone to roost in the zone between our lines and those of our unscrupulous foes. Thus our men are gaining some very practical lessons in natural history, as well as in the art of war. W. P. PYCRAFT.



ARTIFICIAL LIMBS FOR WOUNDED BRITISH SOLDIERS: ADJUSTING A NEW LEG AT ROEHAMPTON HOUSE AFTER A FIRST TRIAL-WALK WITH IT.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations, Ltd.

question. Captain Crawshaw bears testimony of this in a letter to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, just published in the magazine of the Society. Harriers, he has noticed in France, have come in for "hot times" when gun positions are located in low bottoms which form the favourite hawking grounds for these birds. Partridges, he adds, "I sometimes see scared by the bursting shells."

Another relates the distress of a pair of swallows who returned in the spring to the cottage which had hitherto afforded them harbourage, only to find it a heap of ruins. After disconsolately flying round and round, as if unable to believe the evidence of their own eyes, they eventually discovered a suitable site for their nursery in a small military hut. A great number of such huts, it is pleasing to learn, have been used during this summer for this purpose. Incidentally, these facts demonstrate the "homing instinct" of these birds, which, in spite of the disappearance of familiar landmarks, not only return to the same spot, but make the best of unsatisfactory surroundings rather than seek new quarters in some distant area. It is this instinct that has upset the calculations of those who anticipated a large influx of swallows in this country during this summer. It is this same unconquerable instinct to return to the same breeding-place year after year that has produced the numerous local and geographical races with which ornithologists are so familiar. A bird will not breed, as some suppose, in, say, Belgium



ARTIFICIAL LIMBS FOR WOUNDED GERMAN SOLDIERS: A MAN ABLE TO WORK AFTER LOSING BOTH LEGS AND BOTH ARMS.

The enormous number of wounded soldiers in Germany has naturally created a great demand for artificial limbs. The total of the Prussian casualties alone was recently given as 1,916,143. Besides these are the Bavarian, Saxon, Wurtemberg and naval casualties, of which many lists have been published, and those among Germans in the service of Turkey.

Photo. by Underwood and Underwood.



MAKING HIS FIRST ATTEMPT TO WALK WITH THE NEW LIMBS: A WOUNDED SOLDIER AT ROEHAMPTON HOUSE WITH ARTIFICIAL LEGS.

Roehampton House has for some months past been used, by the kindness of its owner, Mr. E. Kenneth Wilson, as one of Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals for Sailors and Soldiers who have lost limbs in the war. They are fitted with artificial limbs under skilled advice, and taught to use them. The house accommodates 200, and temporary wards for 75 more cases have been arranged.

Photo. by Newspaper Illustrations, Ltd.

"BENEVOLENT ARMED NEUTRALITY": THE KING OF GREECE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOUCAS.



THE RULER WHO DIFFERED FROM HIS GREAT PRIME MINISTER: H.M. CONSTANTINE I., KING OF THE HELLENES.

His Majesty Constantine I., King of the Hellenes, who succeeded his father, King George I., after the assassination of the latter in the streets of Salonica in March 1913, received his Prime Minister, M. Venezelos, on October 5, and informed him that he was unable to "pursue to the end the policy of the Cabinet." M. Venezelos consequently handed in his resignation. The new Prime Minister is M. Zaimis. On October 11 it was announced that the new Greek Cabinet would follow the policy

of that which preceded it. Further, that Greece desired to remain for as long as possible in a state of armed neutrality; but that this neutrality, as regards the Quadruple Entente, would be characterised by "the most complete and the most sincere benevolence." King Constantine married, in 1889, H.R.H. Princess Sophia, the third daughter of the late German Emperor Frederick III. and sister of the Kaiser. The Crown Prince George was born in 1890, and is unmarried.

THE SITUATION IN THE BALKANS: PEOPLE AND PLACES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.



MINISTER OF JUSTICE AND COMMUNICATIONS IN THE NEW GREEK CABINET: M. RALLIS.



PREMIER AND FOREIGN MINISTER IN THE NEW GREEK CABINET: M. ALEXANDER ZAIMIS.



SISTER OF THE KAISER AND WIFE OF KING CONSTANTINE: THE QUEEN OF GREECE.



POLITICAL LEADER OF THE NATION WHICH PRECIPITATED THE NEW BALKAN CRISIS: DR. M. RADOSLAWOFF, PREMIER OF BULGARIA.



A STATESMAN ON WHOM RESTS A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY: M. V. RADOSLAWOFF, THE ROMANIAN PREMIER AND MINISTER OF WAR.



SHOWING RAILWAYS WHICH MAY PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE WAR: A MAP OF THE BALKANS, SOUTHERN RUSSIA, AND TURKEY IN ASIA.

THE Balkans became recently the centre of interest in the war owing to a succession of important events—the mobilisation of Bulgaria, followed by that of Greece, the Russian ultimatum to Bulgaria, the Austro-German invasion of Serbia, the landing of Allied troops at Salonica, and the resignation of M. Venizelos as Premier of Greece. The representatives of the Allied Powers in Bulgaria met Sofia on October 8. These events lend especial interest to the portraits and maps above, regarding which we have gathered the following notes:—King Constantine of Greece occupies a difficult position owing to his family relationships. His father was a brother of Queen Alexandra, and his wife, formerly Princess Sophia of Prussia, is a sister of the Kaiser. As Crown Prince, he was not always so popular with the Greeks as he became after his victories in the Balkan War, being unfairly made a scapegoat for the results of the Turco-Greek War of 1879. Queen Sophia "will probably never forget," writes Mr. Lovat Fraser, "how she, the daughter of an Emperor, was humiliated and even scorned on the streets of Yoh." . . . The dominating motive of King Constantine (the emperor's) decision, reluctance to dare the worst against his wife's brother. . . . Yet King Constantine has little for which to thank the Kaiser, who opposed most bitterly the marriage with his sister. For years, while they were Crown Prince and Princess, the Kaiser treated them with scorn and contempt. . . . The difference of opinion between King Constantine and M. Venizelos, which led to the latter's resignation, followed a debate in the Greek Chamber in which M. Venizelos explained his policy, and was strongly opposed by M. Gounaris. M. Venizelos pointed out that the treaty with Serbia was far too lenient.

INTIMATELY CONNECTED WITH THE PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

STANLEY, JULIETTA, AND VOIGT.



REVIEW OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND BROTHER-IN-LAW OF THE KAISER: THE KING OF GREECE.



MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR IN THE NEW GREEK CABINET, AND AN EX-PREMIER: M. GOUNARIS.



MINISTER OF COMMERCE AND EDUCATION IN THE NEW GREEK CABINET: M. THEODOROS VRENASSARIS.



SHOWING THE LOCALITIES OF THE PRINCIPAL COALFIELDS, SO IMPORTANT FOR MILITARY PURPOSES: ANOTHER MAP OF THE SAME REGION.

and provided that either party must aid the other if attacked. When Austria made war on Serbia, it was agreed that Greece could best help by remaining neutral, securing Serbia's communications, and standing by to repel any attack by Bulgaria. In his speech M. Venizelos is reported to have said: "If the Great Powers, relying on their might, can bring themselves to dishonour treaty obligations, Greece is too small a country to commit such a great infamy. Therefore, as soon as Bulgaria mobilised, Greece replied by a general mobilisation. Greece has no immediate quarrel with Germany and Austria, but if, in the course of events in the Balkan Peninsula, she should find herself faced by either Power, she would act as her honour demands." It was this speech which was said to have caused the difference with the King and the resignation of M. Venizelos. M. Venizelos belongs to an old Athenian family which spent his early years in Greece, where he first rose to political importance. — M. Alexander Theodoros Vrenassaris, the son of a former Premier and himself held that office after the Turkish War of 1879, and again in 1901-2. He is about sixty years of age. In 1906 he succeeded Prince George as High Commissioner in Crete, and retired in 1911. He returned to public life last year as Governor of the National Bank. When M. Venizelos resigned last March, M. Zaimis was the first to be invited to form a new Ministry, but declined. His integrity has won him universal esteem. M. Zaimis is said to be sympathetic towards the Allies. — M. Gounaris, the new Greek Minister of the Interior, succeeded M. Venizelos as Premier after his resignation in the spring. He is said to be in favour of neutrality. — M. Rallis, the new Greek Minister of Justice.



THE MOST FAMOUS OF MODERN GREEK STATESMEN, WHO RECENTLY RESIGNED: M. THEODOROS VRENASSARIS, THE RESIGNED.



A PROMINENT ROUMANIAN POLITICIAN WHO IS A STRONG ADHERENT OF THE ALLIED CAUSE: M. THEODOROS VRENASSARIS.

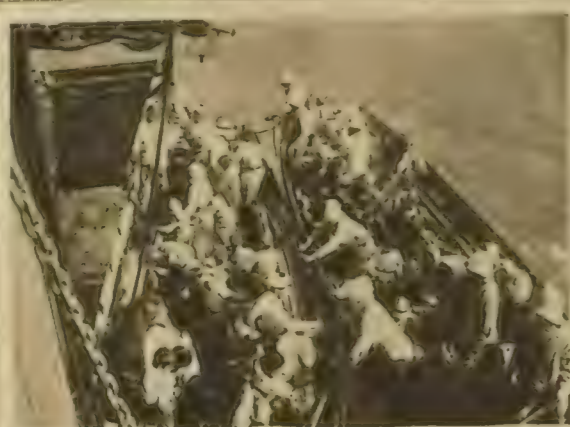
Continued.

Justice and Communications, with M. Dragoumis, the new Minister of Finance, presented in the Greek Chamber against the landing of Allied troops at Salonica. They are both opponents of M. Venizelos and his policy. — M. Theodoros, the new Greek Minister of Public Instruction, also objected to the Allied landing at Salonica. He regards the treaty between Greece and Serbia as void by reason of Serbia having since negotiated with Bulgaria. It is understood that the Greek party represented by M. Gounaris and M. Theodoros would be prepared to go to war with Bulgaria if the latter country attacked Serbia single-handed, but not if it involved war with Germany and Austria. Against this policy M. Venizelos, the ex-Premier, secured a majority of 147 to 120 in the Greek Chamber on behalf of his own policy of aiding Serbia in accordance with the Serbo-Greek treaty, even if it meant war with the German Powers. — M. Radoslawoff, the Premier of Bulgaria, and a leading man of letters, towards the end of September sent a friendly message to the English nation through Professor Stephenson.

of the University of Sofia, then coming to England. "You can tell the English people," M. Radoslawoff said, "that the Bulgarians entertain towards them the very friendliest feelings. We do not forget that in the past England has been the champion of Bulgarian unity and Bulgarian independence. If the Entente Powers pledge themselves to settle our sacred wishes and legitimate claims we shall at once throw in our lot with them. That is my policy." In another interview M. Radoslawoff stated that Bulgaria's object was to restore her national unity and secure the acquisition of Serbian and Greek Macedonia, where, he said, there were a million and a half Bulgarian inhabitants. There were also, he said, 500,000 Bulgarians in Bessarabia, and 300,000 in Roumania—in all, nearly 2,000,000 outside the present borders of Bulgaria. — The Prime Minister of Roumania, M. Ion Brătianu, also held the position of Minister of War and of the Roumanian sympathisers with the cause of the Allies is M. Take Ionescu, who in 1913 came on a diplomatic mission to London regarding Roumanian claims in Balkan territory.

WHILE GERMANY LOOKS ON! 800,000 ARMENIANS MASSACRED

BY THE KAISER'S ALLY, TURKEY, SINCE MAY LAST.



SAVED FROM A FLOOD OF DEATH: ARMENIANS HAVE BEEN MASSACRED SINCE LAST MAY. ARMENIAN REFUGEES RESCUED BY THE FRENCH BEING EMBARKED.



WHERE THE WHOLE OF THE ARMENIAN CHRISTIAN POPULATION—FROM 8000 TO 10,000 SOULS—WAS DROWNED IN THE BLACK SEA IN ONE AFTERNOON: TREBIZOND.



ARMED WITH A DROWNING PISTOL: A REFUGEE ARMENIAN GIRL.



BENT ON EXCEEDING THE HORRORS PERPETRATED BY ABDUL HAMID: ENVER PASHA.

LORD BRYCE ON THE MASSACRES.

"SUCH information as has reached me from many quarters goes to show that that which the noble Earl (Lord Cromer) thought incredible, that 800,000 people had been destroyed since May last, is unfortunately quite a possible number. The massacres are the result of a policy which, so far as can be ascertained, has been absolutely premeditated for a considerable time by the gang who are now in possession of the Government of the Turkish Empire. They hesitated to put it into practice until the moment came, and the favourable moment seems to have come in the month of May. That was the time when orders were issued and these orders were carried down in every case from Constantinople. . . . In some cases the Governors, being pious and humane men, refused to carry out the orders and endeavoured to give what protection they could to the unfortunate Armenians. In two cases I have heard of the Governors having been dismissed for refusing to carry out the orders. The massacres, nevertheless, were carried out. The procedure was exceedingly systematic. The whole population of a town was cleared out. Men were thrown into prison, the rest of the men and the women and children were marched out of the town. When they had got some little distance they were separated, the men being taken to places where the soldiers dispatched them by shooting or bayoneting. The women and children and older men were sent off under convoy of the lower kind of soldiers to their distant destination, which was sometimes one of the unhealthy districts, but more frequently the large district which extends to the east of Aleppo, in the direction of the Euphrates. They were driven by the soldiers day after day; many fell by the way and many died of hunger. No provision was given them by the Turkish Government, and they were robbed of everything they possessed, and in many cases the women were stripped naked and marched along in that condition. Many women went mad and threw away



OUR ALLIES, THE FRENCH, AS SAVIOURS OF ABORD A

their children, being unable to carry them farther. The caravans' route was marked by a line of corpses, and comparatively few seem to have arrived at their destination. The facts as to the slaughter in Trebizond were vouched for by the Italian Consul, who was there at the time. Orders came from Constantinople that all the Armenian Christians in



SHOWING THE WATERS IN WHICH FROM 8000 TO 10,000 ARMENIAN CHRISTIANS WERE DROWNED BY BOAT-LOADS IN A SINGLE AFTERNOON: THE PORT OF TREBIZOND.



SAVED BY THE FRENCH: ARMENIAN REFUGEES RESTING ON BOARD OUR ALLIES' SHIP AND DRYING THEIR CLOTHES ON LINES.

LORD BRYCE ON THE MASSACRES.

[Continued] put on board sailing boats, carried out some distance into the Black Sea, and there thrown overboard and drowned. The whole Armenian population of from 8000 to 10,000 was destroyed in that way in one afternoon. After that any other story becomes credible, and I regret that all the stories contain similar elements of horror, intensified in some cases by stories of shocking torture. Nearly the whole nation has been wiped out, and I do not think there is any case in history, certainly not since the days of Tamerlane, in which any crime so hideous and upon so large a scale has been recorded. I would like to add that what little I have heard confirms what was said by the noble Earl, that there is no reason to believe that in this case Mussulman fanaticism came into play at all. So far as I can make out, these events have been viewed by Mussulmans with horror rather than with sympathy; at any rate, they have never shown approval of the conduct of the Turkish Government. It is of some importance, in view of the excuses which the German Government have already begun to give for the conduct of their friends and Allies, to remember that there is no ground for the suggestion that there had been any rising on the part of the Armenians. There is no excuse whatever upon any political ground for the Turkish Government's action. It was simply an attempt to carry out the maxim once enunciated by the Sultan Abdul Hamid that "the way to get rid of the Armenian question was to get rid of the Armenians." It has been carried out far more thoroughly and with far more bloodthirsty completeness by the present heads of the Turkish Government than ever it was in the time of Abdul Hamid. There are still, I believe, a few cases of Armenians living in the mountains and defending themselves as best they can, and about 5000 Armenians have been taken to Egypt by a French cruiser. The whole race, therefore, is not yet extinct. I am sure we all wish that every effort should be made to send help to the unfortunate refugees in the mountains."



NURSING A REFUGEE BABY: A FRENCH NAVAL ELECTRICIAN TAKING A YOUNGSTER TO ITS MOTHER.



BENT ON EXCEEDING THE HORRORS PERPETRATED BY ABDUL HAMID: TALAAT BEY.



ARMENIANS: BABIES AND OTHER REFUGEES FRENCH SHIP.

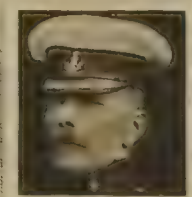
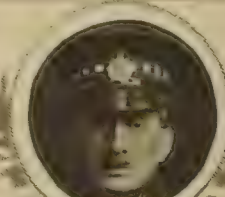
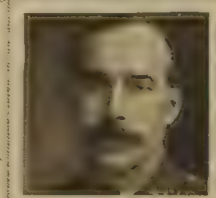
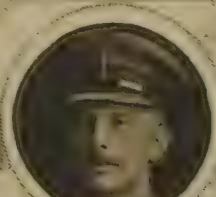
Trebizond were to be killed. Many of the Mussulmans tried to save their Christian neighbours and offered them shelter in their houses; but the Turkish authorities were implacable. Obeying the orders which they had received, they hunted out all the Christians, gathered them together, and drove them down the streets to the sea. They were all

The civilised world cannot but be aghast at the new records of Armenian massacres by the Turks, whose horrible butchery of an unfortunate people must be with the connivance of Germany, or, surely, that country would have stopped it. Indeed, it is not on record, in the words of Lord Cromer?—"Just before I came to the House, I read in an evening paper an extract from a letter addressed by the notorious Count Reventlow to a German newspaper, and it was so very remarkably characteristic of German views on this subject that I will read a small portion of it: 'If the Turkish authorities take vigorous measures against unreliable, bloodthirsty, riotous Armenian elements, it is not only right, but even their duty, to do so. Turkey can always be assured that the German Empire will always be of opinion that this matter only concerns Turkey.' I do not suppose that there will be any trustworthy evidence to prove the complicity of the German Government, or their agents, in these massacres; but when we consider the commanding influence of the German Government at Constantinople, anyone who knows the East will be of opinion that the German Government cannot be acquitted of a vast moral responsibility, unless it can be shown that, knowing of these practices,

they took most vigorous and most energetic steps to stop these proceedings." No wonder it has been written: "Abdul Hamid is said to have exterminated a million of his Armenian subjects. It seems to be the ambition of Talaat Bey and Enver Pasha to outdo him." At the beginning of his speech Lord Cromer said: "The country has been shocked by accounts of renewed Armenian massacres which appear to have begun again on an even greater scale than those which horrified the whole civilised world a few years ago. I read in one paper that the number of victims amounted to 800,000. The figures appear incredible, and I hope are very much exaggerated. . . . On the other hand, we know from the report of Lord Bryce what was the conduct of the German Army in Belgium, and we also know from the scathing indictment of the French Government what has been the conduct of the Germans in France." With regard to the photograph which shows refugees on board a French ship and drying their clothes on lines set up by the sailors, it may be noted that, in the background, is seen the dark entrance of a seaplane-shed, used to shelter the refugees.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LANGFIRE, KETURAH COLLINGS, L.F.A., BUILDINGHAM, LAMBERT WESTON, VANDYCK, AND SWAINE.

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NORFOLK REGT.CAPT. O. T. D. WILLIAMS,
D.S.O., WELSH GUARDS.

Col. Eden Vansittart was youngest son of the late Mr. Henry Vansittart, Bengal Civil Service. He took part in the Hazara Expeditions (medal, with clasp), the operations in the Samana and the Kurram Valley (medal, with two clasps). Lieut.-Col. Douglas-Hamilton was youngest son of Major-Gen. Octavius Douglas-Hamilton, and served in the Nile Expedition (medal, and clasp), in the Sudan, and elsewhere. Major Myles Ponsonby was second son of the Earl of Bessborough and served in South Africa. Major Nicol won his D.S.O. in the present war. Col. Romer was awarded the C.M.G. for services in South Africa, when he also received the Queen's medal, four clasps. Major Carden was second son of the late Sir John C. Carden, of Templemore Abbey, Tipperary. He served in South Africa, and received the D.S.O. in 1900. Major Macpherson fought in South Africa, receiving the Queen's medal, three clasps. Major Galloway, of Blierrie, Morayshire, served in India and South Africa (Queen's medal, three clasps). Lieut.-Col. Lord Ninian

Crichton-Stuart was a brother of the Marquess of Bute. He was Unionist Member of Parliament for Cardiff and very popular with men of all parties. Lieut.-Col. B. P. Lefroy had been mentioned three times in despatches and awarded the Legion of Honour. Lieut.-Commander E. C. Cookson, R.N., D.S.O., won his distinction for services in the Shatt-el-Arab, where, although severely wounded, he extricated his vessel from a perilous position under heavy rifle-fire. Lieut. the Hon. Maurice Henry Nelson Hood was the only surviving son of Viscount Bridport and heir to the title. He leaves two children, Rowland Arthur Herbert Nelson Hood, born in 1911, being now heir to the Viscounty. Capt. Osmond Trahaern Deudraeth Williams, D.S.O., was eldest son of Sir Osmond Williams, Bt., of Castell Deudraeth, Lord-Lieutenant of Merionethshire, formerly M.P. for that county. Capt. Williams married Lady Gladys Margaret Finch-Hatton, daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea, and leaves a little son, Michael Osmond, born last year.

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LADIES' PAGE.

FUR trimmings on frocks, as I foretold to my readers some weeks ago, are the leading novelty in the winter fashions. This sounds extravagant, and opposed to the necessity for economy to meet the national liabilities. However, it is not really so, for the trimmings in question can be and mostly are manufactured out of odds and ends of fur that would otherwise be of little or no use. Many of us have partly-worn furs in our wardrobes that can well be utilised by being cut up now as trimmings. Rare furs will always be costly; but, comparatively speaking, peltry is very cheap this season. The slackened demand for it, owing to present circumstances, is the main cause, and the utilisation of small pieces in making trimmings is in a sense one of the economies of the hour. Straight round collars or neck-bands of fur, closely fitting to the throat, are the newest idea, and should be accompanied by a band, which may be quite narrow, of the same fur round the bottom of the full, swinging basque of the coat, and a similar band on the cuffs. This will not be adequate for warmth when cold weather fairly sets in, and then an "animal-shaped" tippet will be quite comfortably added to the *four-de-cou*, worn over the shoulders, with a muff to match; and, if possible, the same fur should be adopted for all these positions, but a mixture is not unsuitable, provided it is not inharmonious in colour and costliness.

Ermine is remarkably cheap just now in small pieces, such as neckties and bands for trimmings, but far otherwise in cost when seen in large and handsome sets. Real Russian sable is an extravagance even for the rich; but the distant relations of the genuine Russian article—the Canadian sable, mink, sable-titch, and kolinski—are all very handsome and fashionable, and fairly moderate in price. As to musquash, it is so abundant that really it is impossible to believe that the original owners of it were the little water-living animals that should have a monopoly of the name. There must be a naturalisation office at which by a small payment Schmidt becomes Hamilton—I beg pardon, I mean goat or some other abundant fur becomes musquash. It is a useful and warm fur, and a boon to the modestly filled purse. Astrachan is being well used for trimming coats. A fully fluted coat in light navy-blue serge edged round and collared with black astrachan, and provided with a large flat muff and a pill-box toque of the same fur, was a success at a recent Fashion Exhibition at a leading dressmaker's rooms. The red and fawn fox furs are popular, and becoming to good complexions. White fox is another becoming fur. A pretty set shown to me had a large "animal-shape" tie and a melon-shaped muff both of white fox trimmed with several narrow strands of black skunk; this was very smart. Skunk is an excellent trimming fur, as it does not get out of order. A model from a first-rate tailor is of chalk-white cloth trimmed with skunk. There is a short and very full skirt,

with two narrow bands of skunk upon it, one just at the knees, and the other about four inches above the edge of the ankle-length skirt, accompanied by a loose coat (to be worn over a ninon blouse) of the same white cloth edged with a band of skunk much wider, and a *four-de-cou* widest of all of the same fur; the cuffs bear a mere line of it; and then there is a belt, across the back of the waist only, of brilliant many-coloured embroidery done on white corded silk.

The tendency to shortness that is so marked in walking dress is affecting many of the evening gowns as well. An evening frock of a smart and fragile type, in my opinion, is not suitable for this truncation. If we are sensible, we shall welcome and adopt the quite short skirts for use during the active day, especially for walking or working out-of-doors, but we shall also retain a graceful length for evening wear. This has always seemed to me the sensible idea: short skirts for use, long ones for grace. Even male costume of State is felt to require length for dignity. The long full robes of a Peer, of a Judge, an Archbishop, of "Mr. Speaker," and many other official masculine robes, show that high official dignity is avowedly aided by flowing and full-length garments. Women, at all events when once past the undeveloped girlish stage of build, are surely garbed to the best advantage in flowing trained gowns when the circumstances are suitable, as in the evenings for resting beside fires and with nice carpets to trail the robes upon. However, it is my duty to record truly what is shown me at the best houses, and I have to report that an attempt is being made to introduce quite short evening dresses, both as more formal confections and as easy-fitting rest-gowns.

The more elegant models for evening wear, however, all but reach the ground, or even have a little train; sometimes it is a mere wisp of filmy material, but more often a graceful flowing into moderate fullness—perhaps not actually a train, but touching the ground. An ugly idea that is being shown is to have quite a short front and sides, a sort of petticoat, and a trained back. Drappings and fullness are far more elegant, and more consistent with the idea of the indoor gown; which is to be easy, restful, and not at all constricting to the movements of the wearer.

To describe the mode of making a really dainty indoor gown as now worn is impossible; for fragile materials, such as chiffon and ninon, are tastefully and indefinitely swathed and draped over a firmer foundation, not too elaborately, for simplicity is the idea of such restful frocks, but still with an artistic sense that sees the effect, and is not trammelled by set planning. Velvet, Roman satin, crêpe-de-Chine, or cashmere, all make good foundation one-piece gowns, and on such a nicely but easily shaped underdress any more fragile fabric, from real lace that one already possesses, down to tulle, can be swathed, or put in the form of a tunic, or a little zouave or coat, or of a fichu, or arranged as scarves. In short, the possibility of following one's fancy and utilising one's possessions in the way of materials with no consideration but grace and artistic effect, is the chief charm of these useful and fashionable indoor or "rest" frocks.—FLORENA.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ROMANCE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

"ROMANCE," Mr. Edward Sheldon, its author, calls it; if so, it is rather of the novelette order. We have met with something of the same idea in "The Christian." It is the romance of religion and eroticism, weakened even on that plane by an interminable amount of talk. It is the story of a young clergyman's passion for an opera-singer, and in the last act we see the priest succumbing to the lover, and his menaces of hell and retribution giving place to frenzied kisses to which his charmer does not respond because, after years of libertinage, she has aspirations after virtue. But oh! the time we have to wait for that crude climax of a drama that is altogether superficial and cheap. For it assumes all the values of a Janatual puritanism, and yet asks us to accept the possibility of purification by love in the case of a woman who openly boasts that sentiment has never played any part in her previous sex adventures. From Armstrong, the parson is little more than a stage figure, and Mr. Owen Nicks is not to be blamed for not being able to make him more than that. But there are certain amusing features of the Cavallini—betrayals of *cabotinage* and lapses into good-natured vulgarity—which give her interpreter better chances. Miss Doris Keane's mixture of American accent and stage-Italian sometimes rendered her nearly inaudible; but the actress contrives, notwithstanding, to get a good deal of colour and contrast and humour into her performance. Mr. A. E. Anson, as a banker too old for love at fifty-two, got through the many tedious commonplaces assigned to him with sufficient tact and dignity. Dignity, it may be added, is hardly the characteristic of the play as a whole.

"THE CHRISTIAN," AT THE LYRIC.

There is more barn-storming in "The Christian" than in "Romance." Glory Quayle has no such part as the Cavallini's, though her manners and companions are more disagreeable than those of Mr. Sheldon's heroine; but otherwise we get here much the same sort of religious-erotic scenes between clergyman and temptress, only more luridly

rhetoric. He has got strong support in a cast which includes Mr. Sydney Valentine, Mr. Rutland Harrington, and Mr. H. A. Saintsbury; perhaps the Glory of Miss Roma June could adopt with advantage rather broader methods.

"THE PRODIGAL SON," AT THE ALDWYCH.

Yet another Hall Caine revival, and this, happily, a play in which the Manx novelist shows at his best, and gives us honest, sterling, unpretentious melodrama. A little straining of sentiment there may be in "The Prodigal Son," and too much tendency to pile on the agony of pathos; but, on the whole, it provides us with an exciting and well-told story of a man's weakness and a woman's cruelty. Excellent work is done for the author at the Aldwych by Mr. Basil Gill, Mr. Milton Rosmer, and Miss Mary Brough, all of whom fit their style to their material and push it along with unflagging energy.



THE NEW WATERLOO ROAD SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' "REST HUT": THE DUCHESS OF TECK OPENING THE BUILDING. A1 institution already heartily appreciated is the Y.M.C.A. Rest-Hut for Soldiers and Sailors in Waterloo Road, near the railway station, opened by the Duchess of Teck on October 1. The building, the gift of the "Jelloids" Company (the site being given by the Duchy of Cornwall) is exceptionally large, and has recreation-rooms and, canteen, and 42 cubicles with beds for 84 men. It is open day and night, and has already been used by over 1700 men, who have slept there in passing through London.

done. The revival of Mr. Hall Caine's piece comes aptly to provide comparisons. In the rôle of John Storm, the author's son, Mr. Derwent Hall Caine, elects to appear, and his fine voice gives effectiveness to the young parson's

into the nests a small portion of solution of cyanide of potassium, which is a very strong poison. One nest, which must constitute a record for size, was over four feet in circumference.

Four millions of wasps killed by one man is a record. In most parts of the country there has been an exceptional plague of wasps, and fruit-growers have had to wage a ceaseless war against the pests by destroying the nests wholesale. The bee expert of Messrs. Chivers and Sons, the well-known fruit-growers and jam-manufacturers of Histon, near Cambridge, who makes it his business to destroy the wasps, so that they shall not prey upon the honey of the bees, has this season broken all records by destroying no fewer than 307 nests. This means that, including the wasps, grubs, and eggs, he has actually killed about four-and-a-half million wasps. The method of destruction is to inject

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It is well known that Arterio-Sclerosis is a progressive modification of the blood vessels, which by dint of coming into contact with blood that is loaded with poisonous substances and "peccant humours," gradually become stiff and liable to the point of resembling clay piping. This moridity is the forerunner and starting point of serious disorders, such as atheroma, cerebral hemorrhage, atrophy of the liver or kidneys, &c. How can the preliminary symptoms be detected so that the progress of the disease may be arrested, if possible, before it becomes generalised?

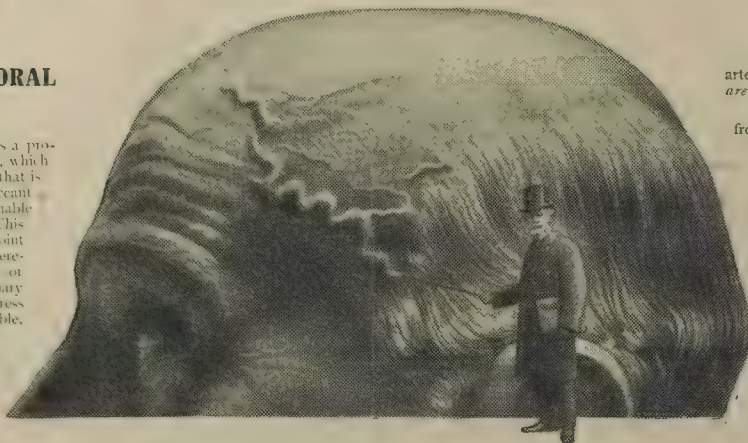
Candidates to arteriosclerosis usually digest their food improperly; they experience vague feelings of discomfort, frequent migraine, sick headache, wandering pains, hemorrhage of the nose, tingling sensations in the limbs; the least muscular or mental exertion causes a feeling of exhaustion; they are sensitive to the cold, and inclined to be irritable, worried and melancholic.

There is, however, another symptom which is quite unmistakable, viz., the Sign of the Temporal Artery.

It has often been said that a smooth and unlined forehead, free from wrinkles and blemishes, is a token of innocence; but it would be more correct to say that it is a sign of youth and good health. As long as the blood is rich and free from impurities, so long do the muscles retain their flexibility, the skin retain its lustre and firmness, and the tissues their consistency.

On the other hand, if the blood should become impure and the circulation impeded, the network of swollen, stiff and petrified blood vessels soon appears through the starved tissues. The temporal vein, especially (which under normal conditions is almost invisible) soon stands out in such a manner that no careful observer can fail to recognise it.

If, therefore, you should notice between the eye and the root of the hair, under the wrinkled and withered skin of the temples, a kind of hard, bluish, knotted cord protruding, be on your guard, for this is the indisputable proof that your blood vessels are becoming hardened, and that you are threatened with old age. It does not matter that you have not a white hair; your



The age of a man is the age of his arteries. Keep your arteries young by taking URODONAL, and you will thereby avoid Arterio-Sclerosis, which hardens the walls of the blood vessels, and renders them stiff and brittle.

Recommended by Prof. Lancereaux, late President of the Academie de Medecine in his "TREATISE ON GOUT."

examine one's tongue in order to find out the state of the digestive functions.

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arteries are growing old—and do not forget it: you are as old as your arteries.

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By taking every night a teaspoonful of URODONAL in a tumbler of water, and doing this regularly, you will find that nothing else in the world will be more helpful in keeping the veins and arteries flexible and supple. If, however, you already present the "Sign of the Temporal Artery," you should adopt an energetic treatment by taking daily three to four teaspoonfuls of URODONAL (each teaspoonful dissolved in a tumbler of water). You will find this of great benefit, and there is no occasion to be afraid of unpleasant results.

After all, it is not more extraordinary to observe the condition of the temples in order to ascertain the state of the arteries than to



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Yours faithfully, (Mrs.) D. M. WARD.

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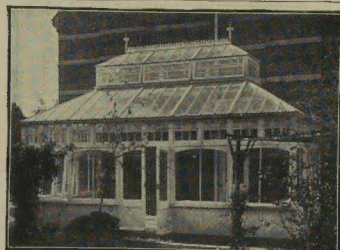
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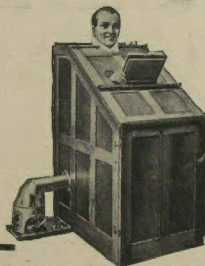
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

On Lubrication. There are quite a number of hand-books produced, both for the professional automobile engineer and for the amateur motorist, dealing with the lubrication systems of the various types of engines fitted to cars of all descriptions. One would hardly have thought there was room for any more on this subject, yet the Vacuum Oil Company have produced a treatise, quite free of any advertising matter—a remarkable event in these days—that they are issuing free to all readers of this journal if they choose to ask for it. Private motorists do not, as a rule, appreciate "something for nothing," but in this case they will find they are well repaid for the trouble of sending a postcard to Caxton House, Westminster, for this brochure. In the simplest of language the engine and its working parts are described, and, helped by lucid diagrams, the most untechnical motorist who has ever had anything to do with a car can understand by reading this how the wheels go round. Moreover, though dealing with lubrication specially, this treatise gives a full list of possible engine troubles and their remedies. I think, perhaps, this section will interest a wider field of readers, for, if one has not a car of one's own, yet many people

in the silence to a refractory non-starting engine.

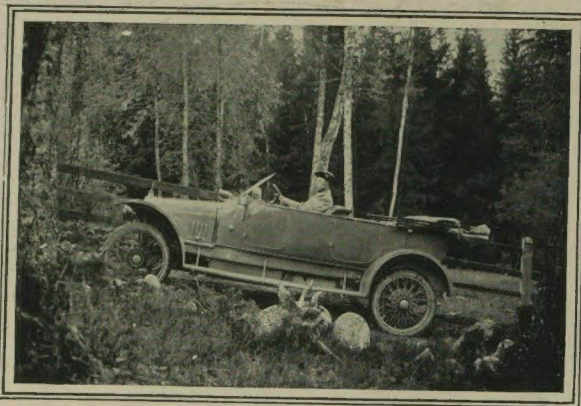
English Cars.

Perhaps it is only a coincidence, yet it appears passing strange that, now the Budget duties as regards imported cars are in existence, British car-makers should announce that they can supply the pleasure-car buying public with a limited number of motor-carriages. But whatever the cause, we shall all welcome the Straker-Squire and the Lanchester motor-carriages if we have the wherewithal to purchase them. My own 1913 Straker is still going strong, so, though I should like one of the latest improved types—a somewhat bigger model—yet the war will have to finish before I can get "new lamps for old." As for the 40-h.p. Lanchester, this six-cylinder car *de luxe* needs no "boosting" to urge its claims for patronage, as, either as a Court, town, or country conveyance, it is equally suitable, its easy riding being a household word. In fact,

I well remember in the early days of the pastime that the extreme comfort of the Lanchester caused it to be described by the young "bloods" of the period as the "old woman's carriage." Without knowing it, there could not have been given a higher testimonial by those who meant to scoff.

A New Bonnet.

As the tax has been taken off imported hats, the new 40-h.p. Lanchester touring-car has taken to a new bonnet without extra charge, for the old form of radiator and its rather blunt appearance did not fit well to the streamline touring coach-work—the car's dress—of to-day, so the conventional radiator and bonnet are now fitted on this car. Otherwise, the well-known Lanchester features are retained, such as the worm-drive, the epicyclic change-speed gear, cantilever springs; and the engine, change-speed gear, clutch, and brake embodied in a rigid oil-tight casing forming a self-contained power unit. The result is a very smart touring-car, as the illustration depicts. In regard to the engine, with its 4 in. bore and 4½ inch stroke, a departure has been made in favour of the vertical valve arrangement, all the valves being on one side and actuated from one cam-shaft. This is the orthodox principle of most motors, and the tappets and valve-stems

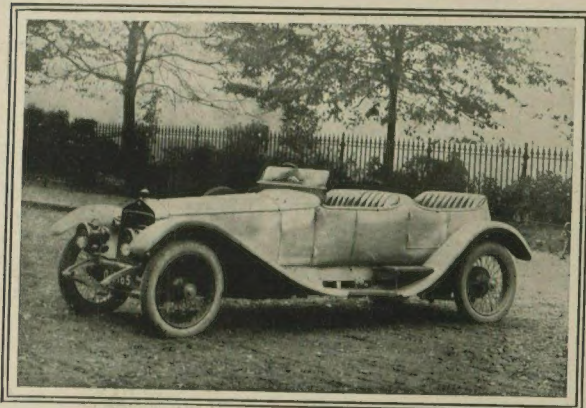


ABLE TO MAKE ITS WAY ANYWHERE: A 16-H.P. SUNBEAM NEGOTIATING A FOREST ROAD IN SWEDEN.

A piece of ground more trying and difficult to get over in a car than that shown in this illustration is certainly hard to imagine. It is notorious that there are few roads in Sweden available for motor-cars, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the larger towns. The 16-h.p. Sunbeam seen here managed, all the same, to get over a tour there with eminently satisfactory results to the tourists.

are enclosed by aluminium cases, so as to exclude dirt and dust while giving a clean-looking and simple exterior. Another innovation is a multi-jet spray carburettor in place of the Lanchester wick-carburettor, which has been fitted because it is a type well known by common usage to most motorists, and though, perhaps, not quite as economical as the old wick form, is not far short of it. While rated by the R.A.C. at 38-h.p., the 40-h.p. is given its extra power by the increase of the length of the stroke of the pistons as compared with the former 38-h.p. Lanchester of the same bore.

Permanent or Temporary Duty? At the moment the motor-selling agents in this country are asking whether the import duty upon imported cars is temporary or permanent. I wonder whether they realise that Mr. McKenna has to raise a huge revenue this year, and that future Chancellors of the Exchequer will have to do likewise for many years to come. As the former stated, "the duty cannot protect an industry that is not at work," so there is no question of protection in the matter, and though he gave way by not making commercial motors dutiable for the present, there is little doubt that they also will be subject to the impost at the next Budget. Any tax that can be collected with little expense is pretty sure to remain, and the duty upon imported cars will certainly remain for many a long year, though, perhaps, there will be some mutual arrangements in regard to our Allies when the war is over.—W. W.

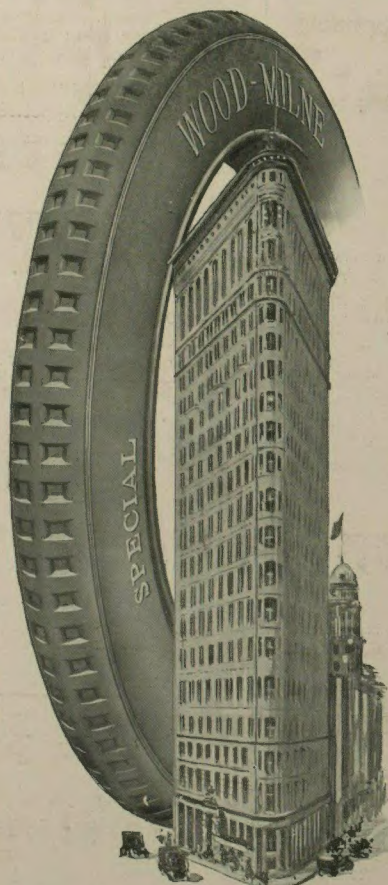


WITH POINTS TO COMMEND IT TO THE MOST CRITICAL: A NEW 40-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER "LANCHESTER."

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like to know what to do if trouble should occur when out motoring with friends. Eighty-four different troubles are enumerated, together with their antidotes, from an explosion

the vertical valve arrangement, all the valves being on one side and actuated from one cam-shaft. This is the orthodox principle of most motors, and the tappets and valve-stems



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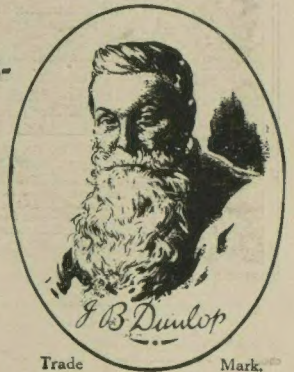
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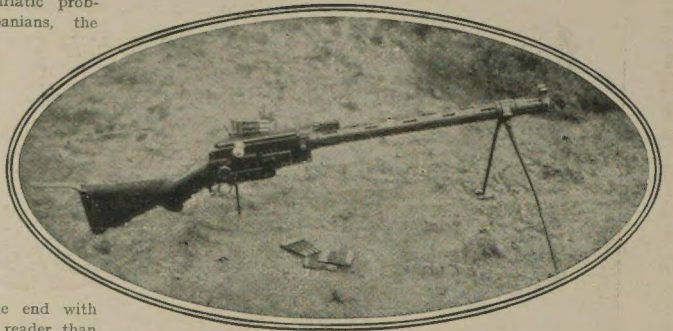
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BALKAN PROBLEMS.

EVERYBODY is talking about the Balkans nowadays, but only a small minority of the talkers can be said to know anything of the extent, limitations, aims, and ambitions of the jarring States whose unrealised hopes are the primary cause of the present trouble. This being so, and the statement would be hard to controvert, there should be a wide circle of readers for Dr. Marion L. Newbigin's book, "Geographical Aspects of Balkan Problems" (Constable). It is a timely work, well thought out, closely written, and, in parts, illuminating. Dr. Newbigin explains in the first instance the geographical limitations of the land that comprises the States, 191,000 square miles in all, and including many areas of stony soil that all the blood spilt has been unable to fertilise. She points out truly that the central mass of Balkan uplands is a triangle with Belgrade at the apex, Salonika and Constantinople the ends of the base line, and the most of the important towns along the sides of the triangle, "which are themselves the main lines of communication." The struggle for Salonika and the North Aegean, Austrian ambitions, Turkish rule (?), the racial

designs on the rivers, Serbia's Adriatic problem, the character of the Albanians, the customs of the nomads, the effect of climate—all these, together with a number of other matters, are handled without prejudice, with intelligence, and in most cases with insight. Dr. Newbigin has endeavoured to write fairly and to look at the problem as though the destinies of the unhappy States were not in the melting-pot, and the measure of her success is remarkable. It would have been better to supplement the orographical map at the end with one appealing more to the general reader than the specialist: mountains will not serve alone to account for the present troubles. But this is a small omission that a subsequent edition—for which we venture to hope there will be a demand—should rectify. The chapters devoted to agricultural methods are not

interesting, they are most carefully compiled, and, as far as the reviewer's knowledge of the country will carry him, scrupulously accurate. Dr. Newbigin's survey of the territorial changes following the war of 1912-13 is sound, and, though she could not resist an attempt to deal with the future and its problems, ten pages in form of an epilogue suffice. The book is written without superfluity of fact or comment; it should be read with a good map of the Balkans before the reader; and it is safe to say that nobody will rise from careful perusal without



AS USED BY THE RUSSIAN CAVALRY: A MACHINE-RIFLE CAPTURED BY THE GERMANS—AN "ENEMY" PHOTOGRAPH.

While the machine-gun is used chiefly for defence, the machine-rifle, being lighter and more portable, is very effective also in attack, and can be carried by cavalry. A strong man can even fire one from the shoulder. In our issue of July 10, we illustrated two of the principal types of this weapon—the Lewis and the Hotchkiss, and gave an article on the subject. The Lewis machine-rifle can fire 440 rounds a minute.

understanding many of the questions that have perplexed Europe's rulers for half a century or more. If an attempt at an honest settlement had been made, much would have been done; but, unfortunately, Great Powers do not practise renunciation, and the people of the Balkans have had to fight desperately hard for a very small measure of liberty and progress. Yet everybody knows to-day that tranquillity in the Balkans is a condition precedent to lasting peace in Europe.

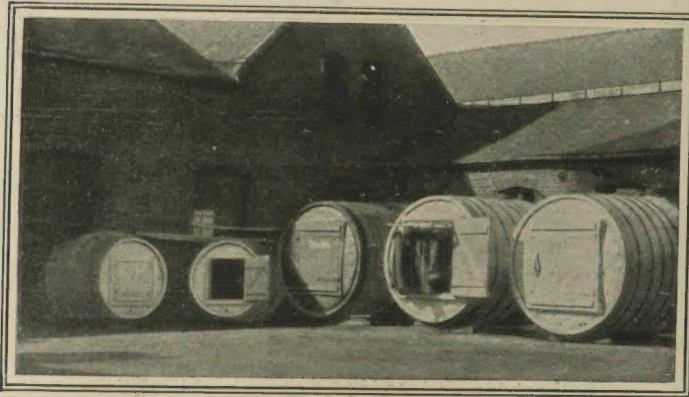
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